 A full description of the first Grand "PICK ME UP" ENTERTAINMENT will be found on page 36.



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1888

Price One Penny.
6s. 6d. per annum post free.

A WARNING TO PROCRASTINATORS.



HAIRDRESSER.—Yes, Sir, this is the harticle, and a most hextraordinary harticle it is. Use that reg'lar, and you will always 'ave a 'andsome 'ead of 'air.

CUSTOMER.—How comes it that *you* are so bald, then?

HAIRDRESSER.—It was too late, Sir. The roots had struck innards before I tried it. If I'd only took it in time, I shouldn't 'ave 'ad a bald 'air on my 'ead.

(Customer thinks he will try a bottle.)

SPOFFINS;
OR,
TALES FROM TWICKENHAM.

III.
TAILORING AT HOME.



"ES," said Mrs. Spoffins, looking up from the extra number of the *Ladies' Own Dressmaker*, "it would save pounds, I know it would. Sam'el, for the future I shall make your things."

"Do what?" screamed Spoffins.

"Make your things; ain't I plain enough?"

"Pretty well, so far as that goes," replied Spoffins, looking at her. "But what sort of things do you mean?"

"Well, your trouserings, that's what the pattern is for this week."

"What! you're going to make my breeches?"

"Why not, Sam'el? Just listen to what this 'ere paper says: 'Instead of paying a tailor eighteen shillings or a pound for a pair of trousers'—"

"Seventeen-and-six, my love, is my price. Never gave more in my life!"

"Well, that's nigh on a pound! Instead of payin' whatever you does pay, you buys a pattern for sixpence (three-pence to a subscriber), you sends off one and sevenpence ha'penny to this 'ere wholesale 'ouse, and they sends you by return two yards of their all-wool Scotch tweed—three-pence for parcel post, and there you are—a pair of trousers all complete for two and a penny ha'penny. Why we could save enough on two pairs of trousers to buy a mowing machine."

"Who's goin' to cut 'em out?"

"I am!" replied Mrs. Spoffins, with dignity.

"An' sew 'em together, an' make the pockets?"

"I shall sew 'em to the best of my debility, but I don't intend to put no pockets, an' then you can't put your 'ands in 'em."

"Oh Je-rusalem!" said Spoffins.

"What did you say?"

"Nothink, my love; it aint' much use sayin' anything when your mind's made up! When are you goin' to measure me?"

"Measure you?"

"I should prefer the things to come somewhere near fitting, you know."

"There's only two sizes, men's and boys'. Do you s'pose these 'ere hed-itors don't know what they're a doin' of?"

"They don't know what I'm a doin' of. I may be doin' Bantin', or I may be blowin' myself out with two dinners a day and 'igh tea for breakfast."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Spoffins.

When Mrs. Spoffins said "pooh," it was equivalent to applying the closure. Spoffins said no more.

By some mistake a boy's pattern was sent, but Mrs. Spoffins said she would cut them a trifle larger each way, and they would be just the thing.

When Spoffins tried the new garments on, he found they were two inches short in the leg. He didn't mind that so much, as it would save turning them up in dirty weather; but they were so



tight round the waist that he could scarcely button them, and, when he did so, could only walk with extreme difficulty.

Mrs. Spoffins said they would be sure to stretch when he had worn them a bit, and, relying on her assurance, he put them on to go up to London.

It took him nearly an hour to get to the station; he missed several trains, and when at last he did get into one, he was afraid to sit down.

No sooner had he gently let himself down on the seat than he heard a pop, a rip, a tear—cloth and all had given way.

Fortunately he was alone in the carriage, but, as ill luck would have it, he had entered by mistake a compartment reserved for ladies.



At the next station several ladies wanted to get in, and the guard thereupon requested Spoffins to get out. Spoffins said he would get out if he could, but he couldn't, as he had had an accident.

After a short conversation, carried on in whispers, the guard purchased for him an expensive rug at the bookstall. Draping this around him from the waist downwards, Spoffins left the carriage with as much dignity as he could assume, and as much trouser as still held together.

He took a cab outside the station, and drove home.

When he reached the "Nasturtiums," he stood on the mat in the hall, and angrily unfolded the railway rug.

"Woman," he said, "this is your work!"

"The work's all right," said Mrs. Spoffins, looking at him rather sheepishly; "it's the cloth that's busted. I'll soon make another pair."

"Then you'll wear 'em yourself!" shouted Spoffins.

He was a mild man, but there was a gleam in his eye which told his wife that she had better not pursue the subject further.

But though trousers were out of the question, Mrs. Spoffins determined that she would make her husband something or other—"to remember her by when she was gone!" she said.



"You'll 'ave to make it stronger than the trousers, unless you're goin' pretty soon!" remarked Spoffins. Mrs. Spoffins

took no notice, and after due reflection decided to make him a nice overcoat with a cape.

She got a fresh pattern, and, laying it on the cloth, cut all the parts out. She felt sure she'd done it right, but somehow one side of the coat showed the right, and the other the wrong side of the cloth.

By way of making the best of the mistake, Mrs. Spoffins laughed so heartily that Spoffins became annoyed, and told her gently she was an ass.

"A pretty way of savin' expense! What are you goin' to do now, I should like to know?"

"Well, I must send for some more cloth, and make you some waistcoats of the spoiled pieces."

"I don't want eight or nine waistcoats of the same pattern!" shouted Spoffins.

"Then I'll get the same quantity I first ordered, and make you two overcoats; that way, nothink will be wasted."

More cloth was accordingly got, but Mrs. Spoffins couldn't make the cape fit at the back, or find out how to fix it.

"Boy's pattern again, eh?" inquired Spoffins, sarcastically.

Mrs. Spoffins made no reply, but the next morning, directly after breakfast, she went up to town to study the shop windows.

Unfortunately all the dummies were turned face outwards, so she could not find out from them what she wanted to know, but on turning round she noticed a gentleman looking into a shop-window, with exactly the right kind of cape.

She quietly came behind him, and cautiously raised the cape to see how it was put together, when an active and intelligent City policeman took her into custody for attempting to pick pockets.

"Serve her right too!" said Spoffins, when he heard of it.

He went up to the Guildhall police court to bail her out, and found she had been dismissed with a caution.

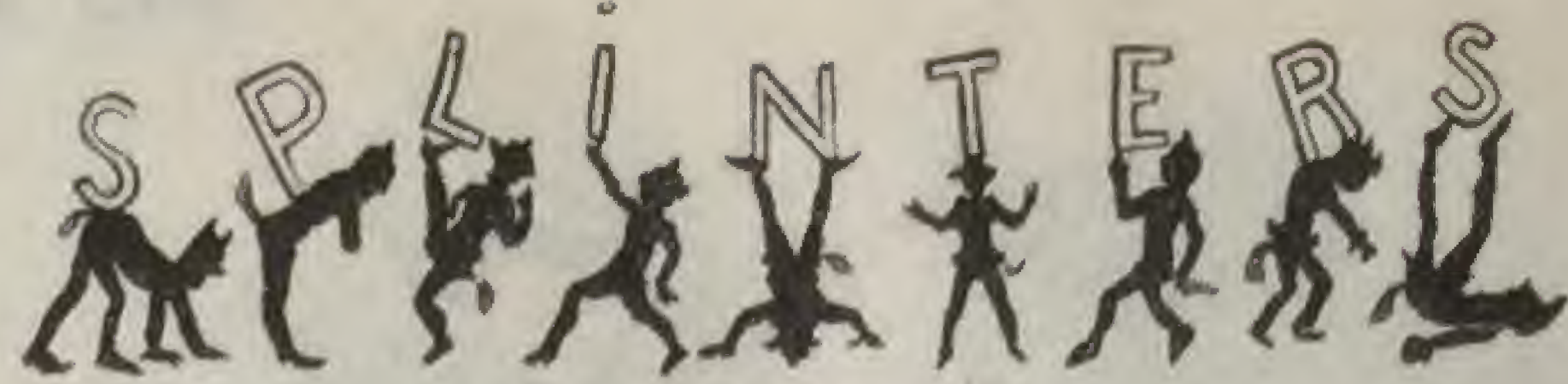
Mrs. Spoffins is still persuaded that her husband wastes a lot of money over his clothes, but she has made a vow never to do any more tailoring at home.

Next week.—F. P.



ART IN A NEW LIGHT.

"This is a work of hart, this is, ladies; a thing as 'll last yer for ever. Just feel the weight of it. An' goin' for seven and six! Why, it ain't a shillin' a pound."



A sharp stroke from a whip will sometimes do more execution than the slow swing of a bar of iron.

* *

Those whose work is most effective often make the least noise. The rowers may pull their hardest; they may pant, and puff and sweat; but the man who sits quietly at the helm decides which way they go.

* *

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.

* *

A jealous man sleeps dog-sleep.

* *

A laugh costs too much if it is bought at the expense of good feeling.

* *

Dr. Lyman Beecher, when asked, as he descended the pulpit steps, how long it took him to prepare the sermon he had just preached, replied: "About forty years, sir!"



CUTTING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

* *

The millionaire too often converts his brain into a ledger and his heart into a millstone.

* *

While silent, consider your own faults; when speaking, spare those of others.

* *

Never fight with a sweep!

* *

The successful rebel is extolled as a patriot, the unsuccessful hanged as a traitor.

* *

Choose your work well, and stick to it! No man will work with heart and energy while his mind is distracted by the idea that in some other vocation he might do better.

* *

Fame is commonly represented as bearing a trumpet. The picture would be truer were she to hold a handful of dust.

* *

ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

Though your friend be made of honey, you need not eat him all up.

* *

Before you build, inquire about your next door neighbour.

* *

If a man would live in peace he should be blind, deaf, and dumb.

* *

A base man's friendship is like a wall of sand.

* *

Never throw stones into the well from which you have drunk.

* *

When the child is christened you may have godfathers enough.

* *

He that has a head of wax should not sit in the sun.

* *

When a dog is drowning every one offers him water.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.



1.

Earl Godfrey, of Kent, had an only child,
 Alas! an ugly daughter!
 It pleased him not at all to find
 That never a suitor sought her.
 But her mother (a deep, deep dame) remarked
 "Distress doth grace enhance,
 As a captive maid, with some errant Knight,
 She might perhaps have a chance."



3.

She came. He found, on a nearer view
 She was scraggy, and ugly, and old.
 And he felt that really wasn't the way
 To serve a warrior bold.
 "I can't be married just yet," he said;
 "I've one or two foes to kill,
 And my late wife's ma hasn't gone away yet;
 She's living with me still."



2.

So she whitened her cheek and reddened her lip,
 And darkened her fiery hair.
 And really, high up in the donjon keep,
 The maid looked passing fair.
 So thought a Knight, as he chanced to pass,
 And heard her plaintive lay.
 It fetched him quite. He prayed the maid
 With him to flee away.



4.

"So I'll leave you awhile at this convent gate."
 She did not dare demur,
 But the wedding that he promised is
 Not likely to occur.
 For the way he had served that maiden fair
 Gave him such shame and pain,
 That he went away to the Holy Land,
 And—never came back again.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

(An Original Romance.)

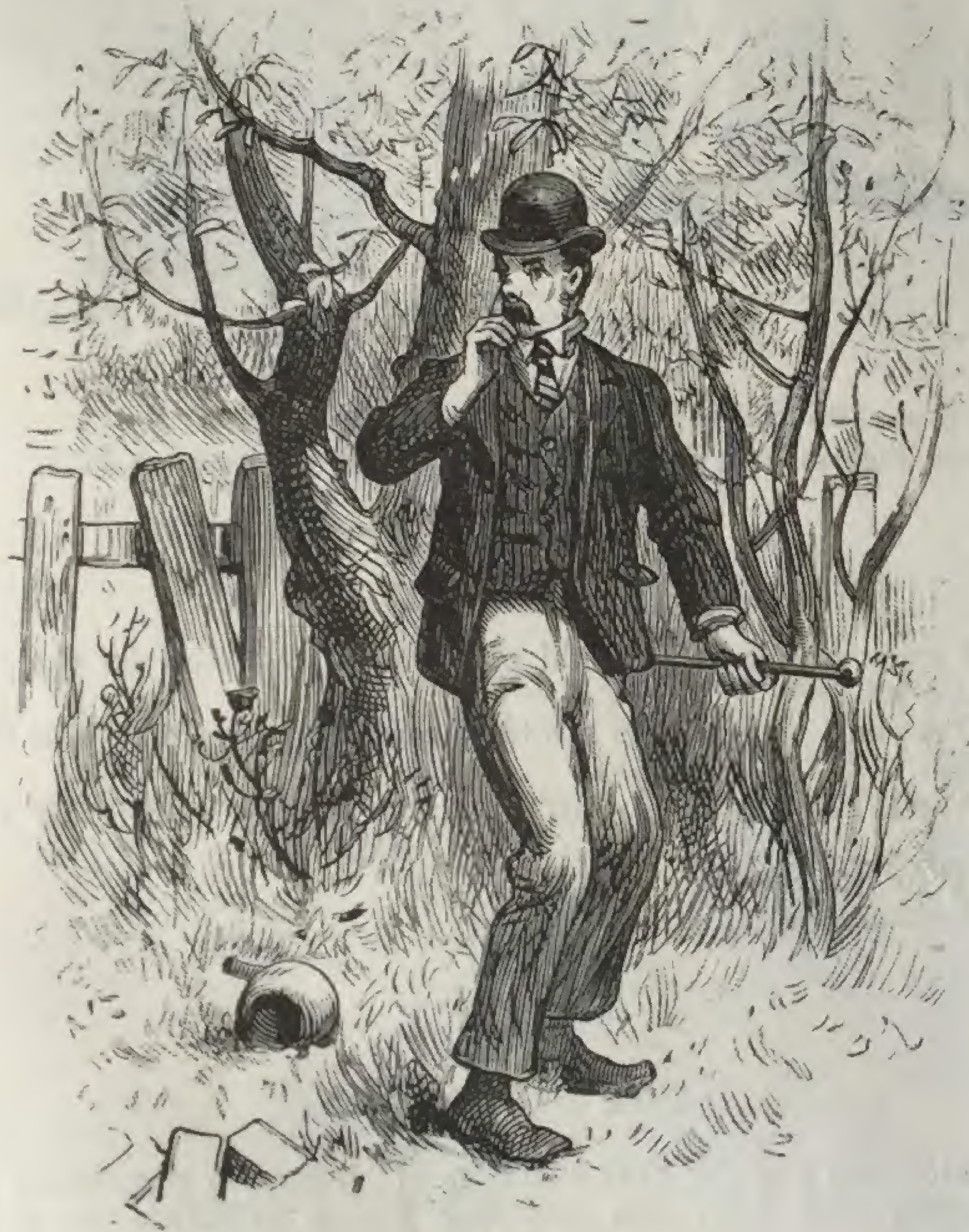
THE sun gave a last wink at Mother Earth, and tumbled into bed. The shades of nights squatted down on the damp grass, regardless of rheumatism. Anon, the moon rose, looking so pale and poorly that one yearned to present her with a box of Winkle's Antibilious Pills. The earwigs hurried home to their wives and families, without stopping to have a drink on the way. O men! what an example to you! some of you at any rate!

The sound of a pair of ten-and-sixpenny patent brown paper boots might have been heard, squishetty-squash, on the slugbestrewn sward, and a figure appeared in that romantic spot known as the "Washerwoman's Drying Ground."

The figure stopped to rub his nose, for he had barked it against a tree.

"She c-c-c-cometh not," he said, looking ill at ease, for the button had come off the back of his shirt, and his collar was wriggling up to the top of his head.

More footsteps (five-and-sixpenny kids, bought at "our annual sale") wrought havoc among the grasshoppers out for their evening walk.



"It is sh-sh-sh-she!" he muttered.

He drew himself up to his full height (five feet all but one inch), and crossed his arms on his manly chest (thirty inches outside the waistcoat).

She approached and gave a shudder.

The five-and-sixpennies let in the wet, and it was beginning to meander round her toes.

"I'll never buy another pair at that hateful shop!" she murmured.

"S-S-Seraphina C-C-C-Clementina V-V-V-Violet R-R-R-Rose Gug-Gug-Gug-Gwendolina!" he cried.

That was all they uttered.

He fixed his burning eye upon her. Both his burning eyes, in fact!

She turned her head away (for she wanted to sneeze, and she had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief.



"W-W-W-Woman, is it tut-tut-tut-true that you are going to w-w-wed Lord Gug-Gug-Gooseberrywig? S-s-speak! Kic-kic-kic-keep me not in sus-pup-pup-pup-pense!"

She clasped her hands together—to keep them warm—and in a choked voice—for the night air had got down her throat—gurgled:—

"Pa says I must!"

"Bub-bub-blow your—I mean—why bub-bub-bow to your haughty pap-pap-parent's despotic w-w-will, my angel!" (his voice grew soft as a masher's head). "Defy him, and fuf-fuf-fly with me to the realms of everlasting bub-bub-bliss!"

"Fly!—where?" she asked, with a snuffle, for the five-and-sixpennies were letting in more and more wet, and the moisture was creeping by capillary attraction up her stockings.

"Where? Anywhere! to-to-W-W-W-Whitechapel, or Seven Dud-Dud-Dud-Dials!"

"I cannot!" she said in a partially cracked voice (for she wanted to cough, but couldn't); "but, hist! what's that?"

They histed.

The crackling of bushes was distinctly audible.

"Miou! miou!"

Her faithful cat came forth, and rubbed his caudal appendage affectionately against her muddy skirts.

He gazed at her cat and sighed:—

"Everything lul-lul-loves you! and no wonder, for your b-b-b-beauty is like a nun-nun-nightmare, I mean a dud-dud-dud-dream!"

There was a painful silence, broken only by the grunting of two neighbouring pigs fighting over their wash.

"You have wrecked my dud-dud-dream of happiness!" he cried in tones of anguish—for his corns told him that it was about to rain, and the collar was creeping higher up his neck.

"Woman, what have you d-d-done?"

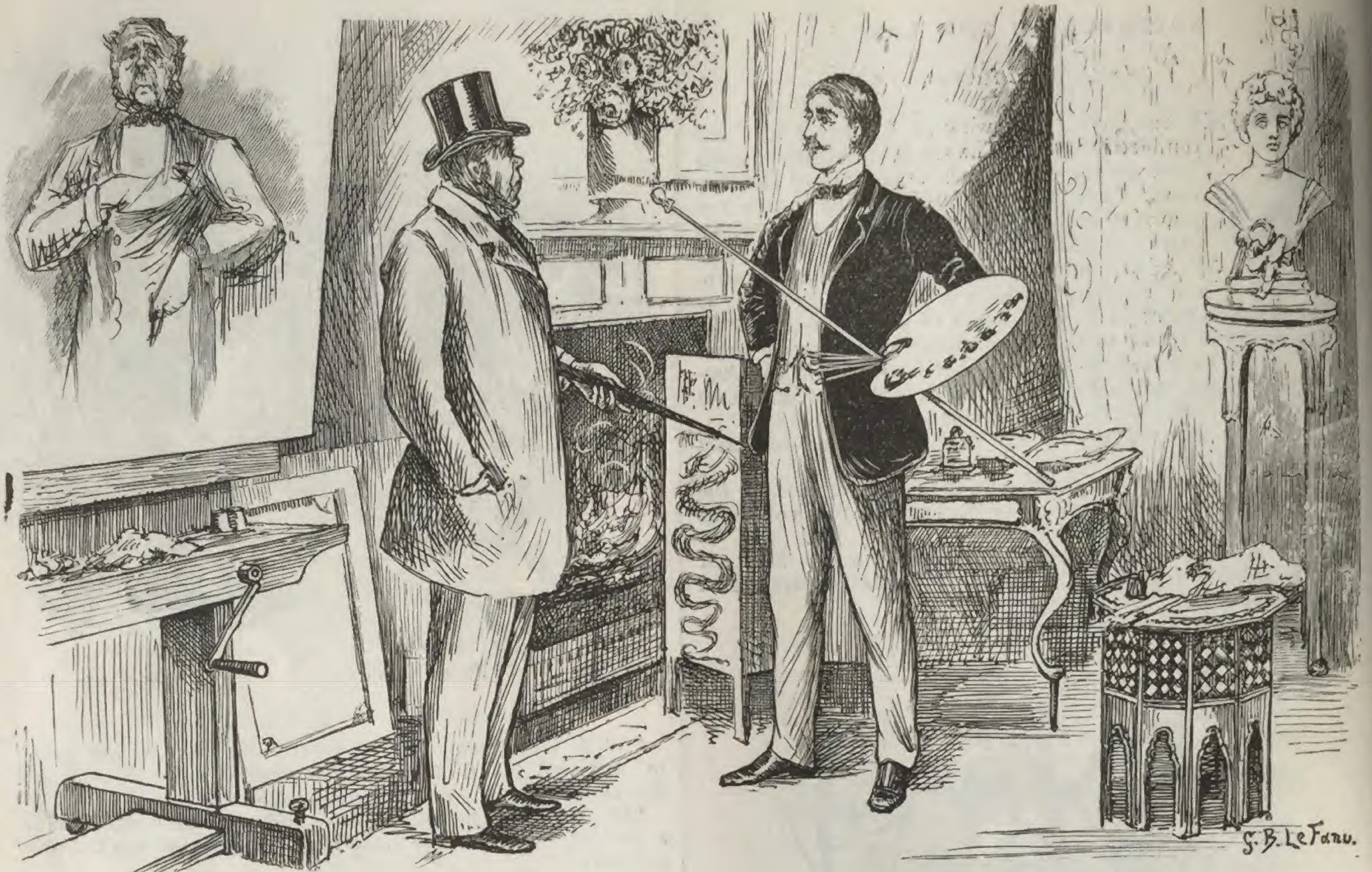
"Done!" she yelled. "Why, I've left my powder-puff out on the dressing-table, an' that horrid Mary Jane will be dabbing her nasty face with it."—And she turned to fly.

"Sus-sus-sus-stay!" he entreated, "will you n-n-n-never mum-mum-marry me? Is this an eternal fuf-fuf-farewell?"

"It is!" she cried, and then she fled.

"It's all over!" he murmured, with bowed head, as he sadly took the collar off and put it in his pocket. "She was a kuk-kuk-cut above me, anyhow! So pup-pup-p'raps it's as well as it is!"—

So he went back to his work—he was a shoemaker. She had declined his little awl, but he was "Faithful to the Last."



PATRON.—What, six days just to paint my 'ead? Why, it only took me two days to paint my 'all and dining-room.

ARTIST.—Very likely, my dear sir. I could have given you a mere likeness in a single day. The rest of the time has been occupied in catching your expression.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Pat Rooney, a car-driver at Clonmakilty, would never admit that the spot in which he lived came short in any particular. Whatever the object of inquiry, Clonmakilty, according to Pat, was sure to be richly provided.

A gentleman, who knew his peculiarity, determined one day to see how far Pat would go.

"Not many partridges about here, are there, Pat?"

"Partridges, is it? Sure, your honour shud be here in September. Ye couldn't step for treadin' on 'em."

"No pheasants, I suppose?"

"Pheasants! Sure, they have to roost three on a branch, or Clonmakilty wouldn't be big enough to hould 'em."

"Any woodcock?"

"Is it woodcock, thin? Whin they fly low ye can't see the sky for 'em."

"I don't see any barometers about?"

Pat hadn't the remotest notion what a barometer was, but he was not going to confess his ignorance.

"Baromethers, is it? Ye should hear 'em o' nights!"

Some boys, who were bantering a good-natured fat man, said to him—

"If all flesh is grass, you must be a load of hay, guv'nor!"

"Well," he responded, "I rather suspect I am, from the way the donkeys nibble at me."

HE LET IT DROP AGAIN.

The other day a young swell picked up the metal button of a young lady's mantle, in an omnibus. An elderly individual, sitting opposite, immediately observed—

"I know a man who would give half-a-sovereign for that, if he saw it."

"Do you? I wish you would introduce me to him," was the answer.

"Well, I'm afraid he can't see you to-day," the other returned.

"Why not?"

"Because he's blind."

THE RIGHT MAN.

"How did you get that black eye?" asked a gentleman of a young man who was applying for a situation as town traveller.

"I was trying to get an order, sir, and the man said if I didn't get out he'd thrash me. I said he'd better try, and he punched me about a bit, as you see. But I gave him two black eyes, and sat on him till he gave me the order."

"You'll do, young man! There's nothing like a persuasive manner. Consider yourself engaged."

AN EASY JOB.

LADY.—Glad to hear you have got a job at last, Mike. I hope it is a good one.

MIKE.—An' sure it is that same, ma'am. I'm to get a pound a week, an' nothin' to do at all at all, but clean the windies.

LADY.—Yes, that sounds pretty good. And where is it?

MIKE.—In the Crystal Palace, ma'am.

AN ARTIST'S LIFE.

LODGING house, the home of twenty,
A morning meal, enough, not plenty.
An easy chair, not much to do,
A dressing gown, a pipe or two.

* *

A seedy coat, with velvet collar,
A well-worn hat, a lonely dollar ;
A pallet cracked, an easel old,
Pictures galore ; not many sold.

* *

A sudden knock, a business call,
A smiling patron, grave and tall,
A first commission, just to try,
Perhaps another by and by.

* *

A steady month of artist toil,
A little waste of midnight oil,
A restless night, a day's delay,
A postman's knock, a princely pay.

* *

A chequered life of toil and leisure,
A pretty wife, a baby treasure,
A charming house, a dainty table,
A horse and carriage, groom and stable.



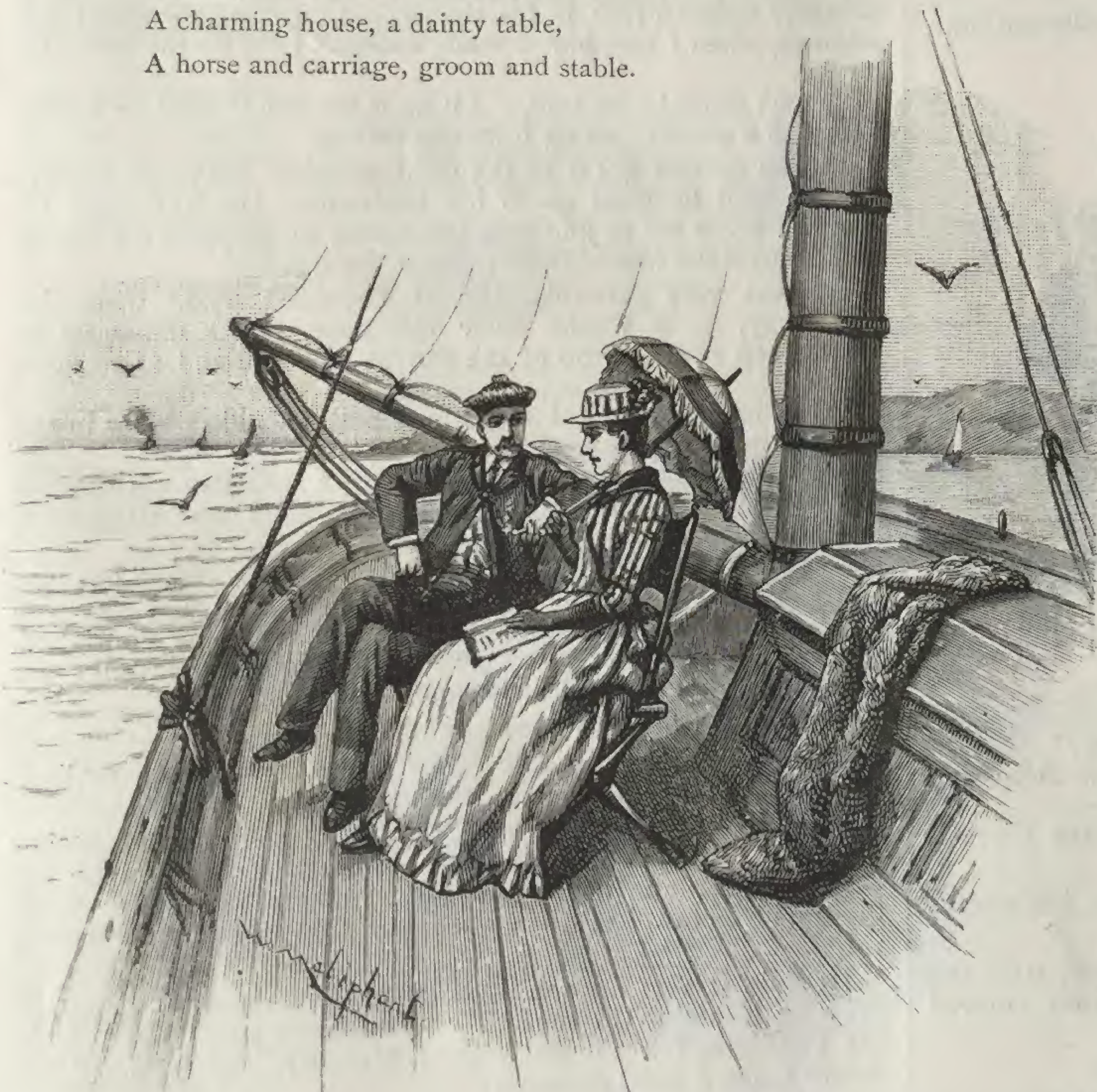
An opera box, a laughing face,
A garment gay with Brussels lace,
A tour abroad, a yacht at Cowes,
A passing cloud, some broken vows.

* *

A file of bills, a careworn wife,
Another month of chequered life ;
A bailiff's call, an auction sale,
A woman's sighs, an infant's wail.

* *

Another year of hopes and fears,
A man's despair, a woman's tears ;
A woman's death, an attic floor,
A pistol shot—and all is o'er !



NOTICE.—A prize of One Guinea will be given every month for the best original Poem, serious or humorous, not exceeding thirty-six lines in length. Any contribution not gaining the prize, but considered good enough to be used, will be paid for. Close of first Competition, November 10, 1888.

DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.



HERE was a time when I had a great fancy for artists—painters of pictures, I mean.

An artist, in my mind's eye, always wore a sort of halo—a halo as big as he could get through an ordinary-sized door with.

I revered the whole brotherhood of art, and would have stood them "Keating's Powder," "Pears' Soap," or anything else that didn't cost much, and was likely to add to their comfort.

I combined business with friendship (I forgot to mention that I am a money-lender). They did me in oils; I did them in money matters. They took me, and I had them in all sorts of different ways. Generally I had the best of the bargain, but once it was the other way.

He was a very clever artist, but eccentric.

I had lent him a good bit of money, and he didn't seem to hurry himself about paying it back.

I began to get rather nervous about it, so I suggested that he should paint me in some negotiable attitude, so that by framing and disposing of the work I could get back my advance.

He agreed, and made an appointment for a sitting at his studio. He told me not to trouble about costume, as he would see to all that.

I kept the appointment.

It was a bleak winter's day, with snow on the ground, and a keen east wind blowing. But I was well wrapped up, and I didn't mind.

I found my artist wearing a large straw hat, and smoking a cigar in front of a small canvas.

"Aha!" he said; "I'm delighted to see you! Your complexion isn't so clear as it might be, but we'll put that right in a minute or two. Just take a little of this!"

And before I knew what I was doing, I had swallowed half-a-tumbler of the nastiest physic I ever tackled.

He remarked that the drawing would occupy the first few days, but by the time he got to colouring me I should have a complexion like a hairdresser's wax figure.

I don't know that I particularly wanted to have a complexion like a hairdresser's wax figure, but as I had taken the potion it was not worth while arguing the point.

"Now," he said, "we'll begin. Take your things off!"

"Take my things off?"

"Why, certainly," he said; "I propose to do you as Ajax. You don't suppose I can paint a Grecian warrior in a billy-cock hat and a thirty shilling suit!"

I didn't know enough of the classics to feel safe in discussing the question, so I undressed.

It seemed like preparing for a morning dip in the Serpentine, only that there was no water.

He put me first in one position, then in another, but always in a draught, "to try the light," he said.

Just as he had finally placed me near the door, with the small of my back to the keyhole, the maid-servant entered with a tradesman's circular.

I flew behind a looking-glass until she had gone.

He told her to take my clothes away and brush them.

Not knowing who might come in next, and beginning moreover to feel chilly, I inquired if Ajax didn't usually wear something?



He said, "Only when he went to battle."

I told him, "In that case I would rather be taken going to battle."

He said I was supposed to be defying the lightning, but I could have the toggery if I liked.



I replied, without hesitation, that I would, but I was a little disappointed with the result. The whole concern only consisted of a breastplate, helmet, and sword.

They were effective to look at, no doubt, but some how I didn't experience that glow of warmth one expects from a suit of clothes.

I suggested that he might stir the fire a little bit. He did so, and put it out. Whereupon he enveloped himself in a fur-lined coat and continued to gaze alternately at me and at the canvas.

I asked him if it was nearly finished.

He replied that he hadn't commenced yet. The light was all right, but I didn't look defiant enough.

"You let your teeth chatter too much," he said, and you look too much on the ground! You are defying the lightning, remember, not glow-worms or cabbage-stalks."

He raised my chin with the end of his maulstick, and I savagely defied a rent in his shabby old curtains for about ten minutes, when I told him I really couldn't hold up my arm any longer.

"Don't move!" he said, "I'll fix it for you!" and he kindly tied it to a piece of string from the ceiling.

Just as he had got it in the right position, the clock struck, and he said he must go to his luncheon. He was sorry he couldn't invite me to join him, but eating would spoil my figure, and destroy the line of beauty about the waist.

He was very particular that I shouldn't move while he was away, as it would spoil the pose, but I managed to get a peep over the top of the canvas, and found he had done nothing.

When he came back I told him I really couldn't keep in the same position any longer.

He replied that he was afraid I hadn't sufficient enthusiasm for "Ajax," and that he would do me as the "Dying Gladiator" instead.

"You won't find that so fatiguing," he remarked, "because you can die on your stomach or your back, or any way you like. I'm glad I thought of the gladiator"—he continued, calmly lighting a cigar. "The blue colour your limbs are assuming will suggest death remarkably well."

I told him I felt half dead already.

"That's right!" he said, cheerfully; "we shall make a success this time!"

I thought it was my only chance of getting my money back, so I assumed as comfortable a dying position on the floor as circumstances and the costume permitted, when the maid-servant returned with my things and fled with a shriek.

He said it was my fault for trying to get up, and thereby drawing attention to myself. "You have spoilt the pose of the gladiator, but I'll do you as Mercury," he said. "You would make a lovely Mercury!"

"Did Mercury wear trousers?" I inquired. "No!" he said; but I could have a mustard plaster on my chest, if I liked.

This was too much! I put on my clothes and fled. He



wanted me to appoint another sitting, but I declined. No more classic portraiture for

SIMON SLOCOMBE.

THE BUSY BEE.

FATHER. — Charlie, what do you mean by sticking pins into your little sister?

CHARLIE. — Well, pa, you told me to copy the busy bee, and I was playing at being a bee, so I "stinged" her.

FATHER. — Oh, you were a bee, were you? Well, bees always have whacks, my boy!

(Charlie says he won't be a bee any more.)

SHE SMILED AGAIN. — I won't have you call me little," exclaimed a young lady to an admirer.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't like it."

"I don't know why you shouldn't," he replied.

"Place half-a-dozen pennies by the side of a half-sovereign. The half-sovereign is the smallest, but it's worth all the rest twenty times over."

HE DIDN'T, THOUGH. — A youthful nobleman conducted two ladies to the observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were told they were too late. The eclipse was over, and the ladies were turning away disappointed.

"No, no, don't go away," said his lordship. "I'll just send in my card. I dare say the astronomer feller won't mind beginning over again to oblige me."

A man fell down on the pavement, apparently suffering from a fit.

"What can we do for him?" said a distressed bystander.

"Brandy," murmured the sufferer.

"I wonder whether brandy is really good for him? I don't understand such cases. Ah! here's a policeman coming. He'll know, I daresay."

"I feel a little better now," murmured the sufferer; "I think I'll go on."

(And he did.)

JONES. — I say, Brown, this isn't half such a hard frost as we had last year.

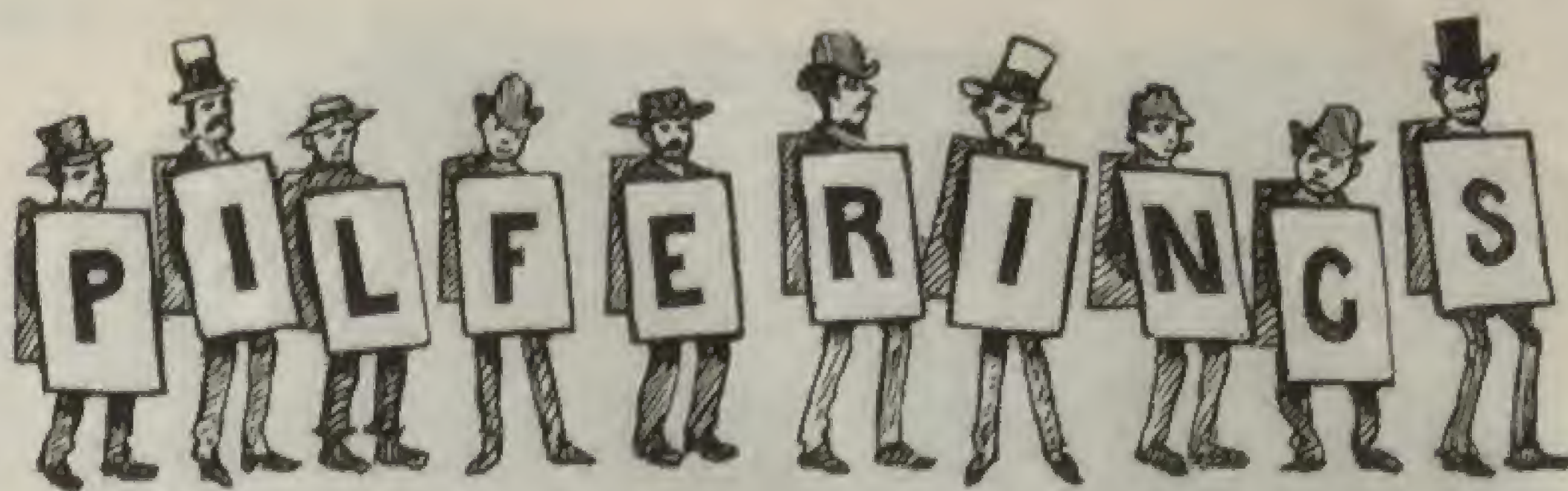
BROWN. — Isn't it? Try it with the back of your head, as I did just now. It struck me it was about the hardest frost I ever experienced.



THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

MOTHER. — Good gracious, Florry, what have you been doing with your doll?

FLORRY. — It's all right, Mamma; I only pulled his hair off to make him like Major Allen.



[PRIZE COMPETITION. — Four Prizes of five shillings each will be given every month for the four best "Pilferings." The sender must state the source from which the contributions are taken. Close of the first competition, November 5th, 1888. The editor reserves the right of using unsuccessful contributions.]

PEDLER. — I'd like to show you my stock of laces and ribbons, ma'am.

SARAH. — Get along. Don't want none of your trash.

PEDLER. — I didn't expect to sell to you, ma'am; you've plenty of time for shopping. The one I wish to see is the kitchen lady.

SARAH. — Come in. I'll just have a look at 'em.

PATIENT. — You see, doctor, whenever I sit on a chair, I feel such a terrible pain just here.

DOCTOR. — Sit on the table, then.

FACE TO FACE. — "You wouldn't think it," he said, indicating a gentleman across the street, "but that ordinary, common-place looking person has looked death in the face as often as any man in England."

"Why, no? Is he a soldier or a fire brigade man!"

"No, he is an undertaker."

LAWYER. — Your uncle makes you his sole heir, but the will stipulates that the sum of £2,000 must be buried with him.

HEIR (feelingly). — The old man was eccentric, but his wishes shall be respected. I'll write a cheque for that amount, and you can pin it on the lining of his coffin.

THE TEST OF CHARACTER. — "I say, Pickins, do you know much about Spark?"

"No; but I shall know more this afternoon."

"How's that?"

"Why, I lent him a sovereign yesterday, and he promised to pay it back at three o'clock to-day."

Why is a police magistrate like Spring cleaning?

Because he is 'your washup.'

If you are knocking in a tin-tack, why is the hammer like ready money?

Because it's down on the nail.

G. B. Le Fanu



[For the four most amusing or most instructive items "Worth Knowing," Four Prizes of Five Shillings each will be given every month. The contribution should be written on a Post-card and reach the PICK ME UP Offices not later than October 31, 1888. The Editor reserves the right of using unsuccessful contributions.]

"'ONWARD AND UPWARD' will be the motto of our paper," said the Editor proudly. And a very appropriate motto it proved. For three months the paper went onward, and then it went up, and never came down again.

TO CURE FAINTING FITS.—Faintness arises from a defective supply of blood to the brain. A fainting person should therefore be laid on his back, with the head level with the body, the collar loosened, and fresh air freely admitted. Smelling salts should be applied to the nostrils and cold water sprinkled over the face. This provokes a long breath, thereby oxygenating the blood, and stimulating the action of the heart.—Stiffback says he's not a fainting subject, but if ever he does go off, he'd rather have "three of brandy!"

The sale of PICK ME UP has doubled since last week. If we go on at the same rate for the next thirty years or so, our circulation will reach the enormous figure of 12,000,000,000.

A doctor always remembers kindly his first patient—if the patient lives.

No girl can lay claim to style without a good walk. The following six rules will ensure a good walk, if carefully observed:—

1. Throw the shoulders back. 2. Keep the body from any motion whatever. 3. Hold the head erect. 4. Place the foot squarely on the ground. 5. Keep the knee steady, and 6. Keep the elbows close to the side. Spoffins says it's a pretty good walk from Twickenham to Putney. He tried it last Sunday, when he lost the train.

The only colour that can be determined by the sense of touch is blue. Even a blind man knows when he is feeling blue.

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A complete set of the celebrated "Steamship Game" (sold at five shillings) will be given until further notice, gratis, to every Subscriber of PICK ME UP, on receipt of the Annual Subscription of six shillings and sixpence (inclusive of postage).

N.B.—The game is on view at the PICK ME UP Offices.

TO BLOW OUT A CANDLE.—If you blow from above, the wick will continue to smoulder, sometimes down to the tallow. By blowing in a slightly upward direction this inconvenience is avoided, the candle being instantly extinguished. You can blow it out with your finger and thumb, if you prefer it, but this method is not recommended.

AN EASY ONE.—If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, what is the best value you can get for a penny?

Why—"PICK ME UP," of course!

A clever painting, artist unknown, but believed to be either a Lawrence or a Constable or a Vandyke; subject "Contemplation" (a donkey, having spoiled its appetite over a hay-stack, looks regretfully at a thistle), will be exchanged for an acre of freehold ground anywhere within two minutes' walk of the "Mansion House."—Address, Mordecai Smith, 2, Rackstraw Lane, London, W.

We have a capital "Spoffins" for our next number. We cannot give particulars for obvious reasons. Our office-boy, who is 75, and knows a lot, says he never read anything funnier in his life.

TO POLISH PATENT LEATHER BOOTS.—Take half a pint of cream and one gill of linseed oil. Warm slightly and mix well together. Apply with a sponge and rub with a soft dry cloth. Keep tightly corked when not in use.

How to prevent a chimney smoking? Don't light a fire in it.

A London literary club is wrestling over the questions:—"Is the proper definition of an editor a man who puts things in a paper, or a man who keeps things out?"

The masculine heart weighs more and is larger than that possessed by the fair sex. A heart grows most quickly during the first and second years of life, and between the second and seventh year it doubles in size. Until after the fiftieth birthday the heart still grows a little. In childhood the male and female heart are the same size; but after manhood the masculine heart develops much more than the female, and ends by being two square inches larger than the latter.

A PUZZLE.—A certain family in Scotland consists of one grandfather, two grandmothers, one father-in-law, two mothers-in-law, three mothers, two fathers, two daughters, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son-in-law, one grand-daughter, and there are only six persons in the family. How is that?

ANSWER.—The family consists of a daughter, and her father and mother; her father's mother, and her mother's father and mother.

Gutta Percha is procured from the sap of the Isonandra gutta, a large tree growing in and near the Malayan Peninsula. It was first introduced into England in 1843. Many uses have been found for it, but the most important is that of coating telegraph wires, for which its impermeability, non-conductivity and plasticity render it exceptionally well fitted.



MR. STICK.—What does your dog come smelling after me for?

BOY.—Don't know, I'm sure, guv'nor, unless he thinks you're a bone.

WE WONDER WHY?

We wonder why, no matter what the weather,

That some one's face is sure to be awry.

Some thin-skinned are, whilst some are tough as leather.

We wonder why?

I wonder why, the Editor don't really

Pay better rates; (to please him hard I try.

Poor poets can't live now, nor very nearly.

I wonder why!*)

* We don't wonder!—Ed.

"PICK ME UP"! SAID THE PIN.



1. Mrs. Sloggins was hurrying home.



2. Mr. Masham, who was close behind, was also hurrying, being late for an appointment.



3. Mrs. Sloggins, seeing a pin on the pavement, stooped suddenly to pick it up.



4. And before Mr. Masham knew where he was—



5. Mutual surprise.



6. Ample but fruitless apologies.

N.B.—The pin is still there, if any one likes to go and fetch it.

Tips.

[We propose to give, every now and then, under the head of "Tips," a few words of advice addressed particularly to some one class of the community. Being in their nature confidential, and intended as strictly private communications, we trust that all readers whom they do not personally concern will be honourable enough to "skip" them.]

LAWYERS

being proverbially an innocent and guileless race, our first series of "tips" will be addressed to them.

1. Always tell a client he has a very poor case. Then, if you lose it for him, he won't be so much disappointed. If you win you will have the greater credit.

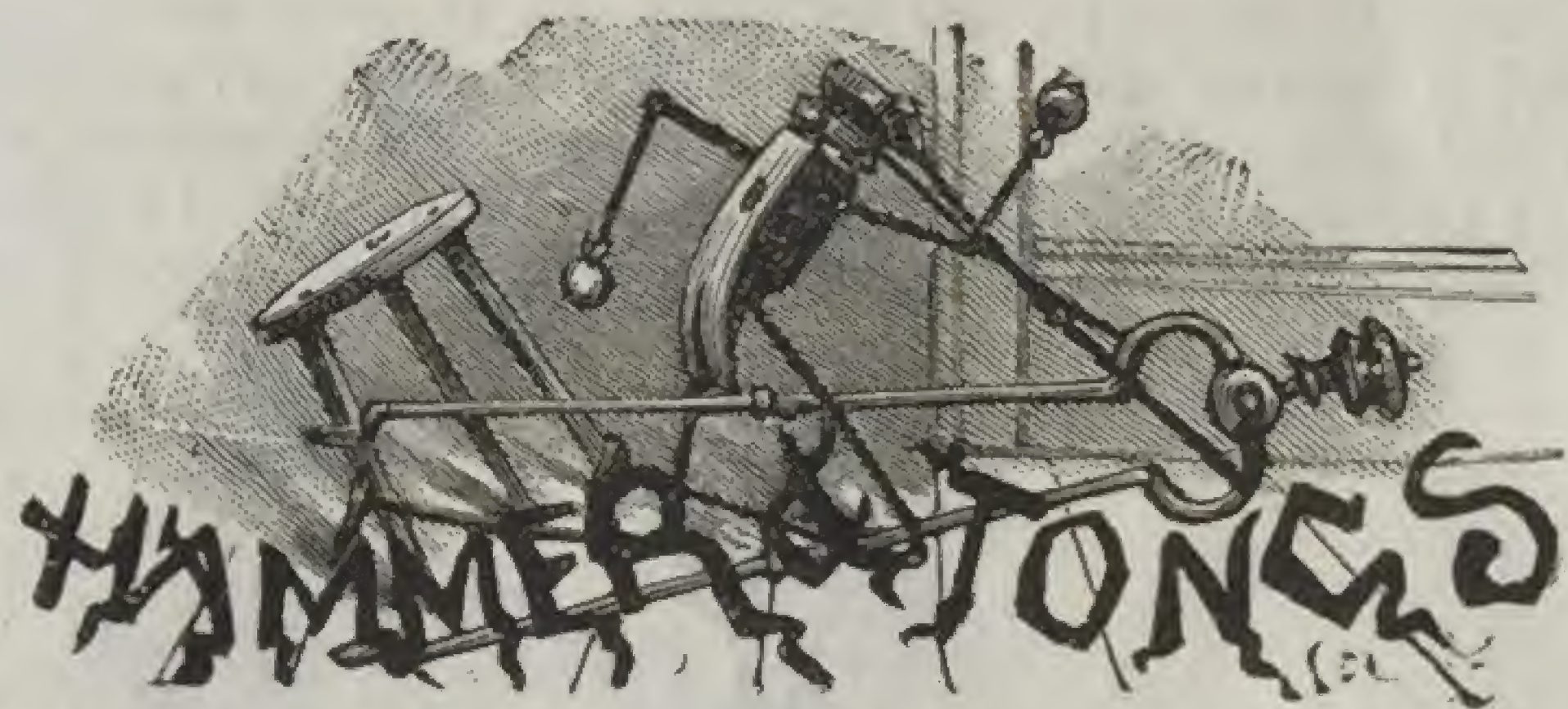
2. Always make legal documents as lengthy as possible. Never use one word when two will do.

3. Letters, not being paid for by length, you may make as short as you like.

4. In preparing briefs for counsel, quote freely from Shakespeare and other popular authors. It makes the brief longer. If the quotations have nothing to do with the matter, so much the better, as you will have a fee for attending in conference to explain what you meant by them.

5. In preparing a will, if you don't quite know what the testator means, don't trouble to ascertain. The Law Courts will do that afterwards.

6. When you have no defence, abuse the lawyer on the other side. This is a very old tip, but it works as well as ever.



We beg to remind our readers that to-day (Saturday) is the last day for sending in answers to the great "Latchkey" Question proposed in our last, viz. :—

"OUGHT A MARRIED MAN TO BE ALLOWED A LATCH-KEY?"

We shall publish the result in our fifth number, and propose meanwhile for discussion the two following questions, which will be treated in November :—

(1.) HOW TO SPEND SUNDAY?

(2.) IF A NEW TAX WERE NECESSARY, WHAT ARTICLES SHOULD BE SELECTED FOR TAXATION?

Four prizes of five shillings each will be given for the best answer to each question. All replies must be written on postcards, and reach our Offices on or before November 3. Names and addresses of prize-winners will be duly published.

We reserve the right of publishing all answers, whether awarded a prize or not.

POST CARD COMPETITION.—A Prize of ONE GUINEA will be given for the best "Tips for Cabmen."
Close of first competition, November 17.

THE GRAND "PICK ME UP" ENTERTAINMENT.

It was the afternoon of Monday, October 8, 1888. From an early hour there had been a movement in the air, a buzz, a hum, a stir, that told unmistakably that something was up! Elderly clergymen jostled saucy little boys, and costermongers' barrows knocked the paint off elegant broughams. For the first time within living memory, real "Louise" bonnets were seen in the New Cut; and the Lower Marsh was alive with beauty and fashion, shoulder to shoulder with the vendor of the baked potato and the purveyor of the festive winkle. The most contradictory rumours filled the air. Some would have it that Her Gracious Majesty was going to take tea with Mr. Spurgeon; others that there had been a smash-up of several trains (number uncertain) at Waterloo Station; while another



report (which met much popular favour) stated that the Home Secretary had given himself up as the perpetrator of the White-chapel murders, and was about to be hanged at the Elephant and Castle. At last the truth came out. It was noticed that every man, woman, and child in that vast crowd held a copy of a neat-looking journal, and it became known that these hurrying thousands (more or less) were merely on their way to the Grand "PICK ME UP" Entertainment at the Victoria Hall.

It required considerable faith to make the pilgrimage, for a still larger section of the public utterly declined to believe in the promise made to them. The offer of so many pages of readable matter, and a concert thrown into the bargain, was regarded by most people as too good to be true—a gigantic "sell," a journalistic joke. But the faithful persevered, and they had their reward in a capital evening's amusement, several of the best known names in the entertainment world appearing on the programme, and contributing to the success of the



Show. The ladies were numerically weakest, being represented only by Miss Evelyn Kingsbury, Miss Fanny Edwards, and a fair débutante, Miss Hilda Hollins, daughter of the celebrated tenor, Redfern Hollins; but they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity; their contributions being in each case received with hearty and well-deserved applause. Mr. Orlando Harley, recalled for his artistic rendering of the familiar "Thou art so near and yet so far," gave, to the delight of the audience, that song of songs to English hearts, "Home, sweet home."

The fine bass voice of Mr. Henry Pyatt was heard to splendid advantage in "The Desert" (Emmanuel). Mr. Charles Collette gave "Gilhooly's Supper Party" in his usual spirited style; and the veteran Odell made his audience chortle and shudder alternately with his dramatic rendering of "The Murder in Furnival's Inn." Professor Field, of Aquarium celebrity, gave a quarter of an hour of capital conjuring; and at the pianoforte Mr. A. H. West received a well-deserved encore for his brilliant execution of his well-known "Patrol." Mr. Franklin Clive received a like honour for his "Longshore Man;" as also Mr. Fleming Norton for his charming rendering of the old Irish ditty, "The Whistling Thief." Mr. Geoffrey Thorn delighted the audience with his latest whimsicality, entitled "How to sing a song with a bad cold." The song selected was "The Village Blacksmith," which was delivered (to proper pianoforte accompaniment) entirely in dumb show, the comically appropriate and inappropriate gesture of the silent vocalist constituting the fun, and being received with the heartiest appreciation by the audience. The various "points" were indeed taken up with a readiness we should scarcely have expected in a mixed audience. Mr. Frederic Rivenhall, the eminent composer of ballad songs, did admirable service at the piano, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the evening. Last, but not least, must be mentioned Mr. Robert Ganthony, who, in addition to undertaking the duties of stage manager, gave a selection of capital items from his popular entertainments. He played, he sang, he ventriloquised. Not only did he give his own assistance, but that of his hat, which performed a solo on the pianoforte in a most amusing manner. We have offered him untold gold, and free copies of PICK ME UP for the rest of his natural life for that hat; but he declines. He says it is his Sunday hat, and he won't part with it.

There was only one serious disappointment. It will be remembered that Spoffins had promised to appear, and say a few words to the audience; but just when the fun was at its height, a telegram arrived from Mrs. S., stating that she was not going to have Samuel make a fool of himself, and that she had locked him up in the poultry-house, along with the other geese, till the concert was over. The announcement for a brief space cast a gloom over the assembly, but it was dispelled by Mr. Ganthony's announcing that since Spoffins could not do as he had promised, *he* would do Spoffins.

In a few minutes he appeared, made up to the life as the sagacious Samuel, and after delivering a brief address on his behalf, convulsed the audience by his representation (said to be taken from life), of Spoffins endeavouring to find the keyhole on returning home after a festive evening.*

There was only one opinion as to the exceptional merit of the entertainment, and only one question on the lips of all as they passed out. "How on earth is it done?" was the universal inquiry. That is our secret, and wild horses shouldn't draw it from us. Suffice it that it has been done; yet, more, *it shall be done again*. The when and where is not yet fixed; but it will be done, and at no distant date. Meanwhile, there is only one safe method of securing early and reliable information—viz.,

Keep your eye on "PICK ME UP."



* We regret to hear that this incident is likely to lead to complications. Mrs. S. heard the next morning that Spoffins did, after all, appear at the "Pick Me Up" Entertainment: and as she is quite certain he was all the while under lock and key at Twickenham, she is persuaded that he has a "double," and that she has somehow committed bigamy. She is thinking of applying for a divorce, but here again there is a difficulty, as she doesn't know which of the two Spoffins to get divorced from.